

Caledonia ;
OR, THE
Pedlar turn'd Merchant.
A
Trag't Comedy,
As it was Acted by
His Majesty's Subjects
O F
S C O T L A N D ,
I N T H E
King of Spain's Province
O F
D A R I E N .

L O N D O N :
Printed, and sold by the Booksellers of London and
Westminster. 1700.

Caledonia, &c.

A Sorry Poor Nation, which lies *as full North,*
As a great many Lands which are wiser,
Was resolv'd to set up for a People of Worth,
*That the *Loons* who laugh'd at Her might*
prize her.

II.

Her *Sons* were as false, and as apt for deceit,
As her Daughters were ready for change;
And if Scrubbing Scot had an Itch to be great,
*It deserv'd more Excuse than the *Mange*.*

III.

But what *means* to find out, or make use of what *ways*,
Was a business quite puzzled her Thought,

B

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For believe me 'twas no easie matter to raise
Such indigent Scoundrels from nought.

IV.

When (as ill Luck would have it) it came in her Head,
To fling by her Packs and her Linnen,
And since Times had always in *Scotland* been Dead,
To chuse a new Method to sin in.

V.

Her Neighbours she saw, and curs'd them and their gains,
Had *Gold* as they ventur'd in search on't,
And why should not she who had *Guts in her brains*
From a *Pedlar* turn likewise a *Merchant* ?

VI.

Her claim was as fair, and as Just was her Plea
To the goods of this Life as the best,
And if *Sinners* look green like a *Fruitful Bay Tree*,
That a *Scotch-man* should *Wither's a Jeest*.

VII.

Yet *Mammon* was false to his Worshipper true,
And with-held from his sight what he serv'd;
And though he sinn'd on, and believ'd like a *Jew*,
Like a *Saint of a Christian* he starv'd.

VIII.

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VIII.

Howe'er, 'twas resolv'd it should cost her a fall
But her Children should prosper and rise,
And she'd venture their Necks, and the Devil and all,
Of what *Worth*, is best known to the *Wife*.

IX.

For how could she *Fall* who *Crip'd* on the Ground,
And was level'd with *Thistles* and *Brakes*?
Or what *Risque* cou'd they *Run* who had nought to be
found
But their *Necks*, and their *Lice* for their *Stakes*?

X.

Yet, though the Base Land and her People were curs'd
With the want of *Just* means to get *Wealth* ;
Though their *Feilds* and their Faces spoke *Hunger* and
Thirst
Their *Hands* were for *Plenty* and *Health*.

XI.

And if their *Lean Acres* 'stead *Breadcorn* and *Wines*,
Bore 'em *Oats* to discover their *Natures*,
And they'd nothing but *Cole-Pits* in the Room of *Gold*-
Mines
To shew what was *designd* for such *Creatures*.

XII.

'Twas the very same thing since *Spain* and *Peru*,
 Had abundance of what they had none ;
 Could they steal it, no matter where the Mineral grew,
 Possession would make it their own.

XIII.

This *Paterson* saw, their Pastor and Guide,
 Who rejoic'd such a Frollick had seiz'd 'em ;
 And flinging his *Texts*, and his *Sermons* aside,
 Left his Flocks to be damn'd if it pleas'd 'em.

XIV.

The Prospect of *Gain* made him off with his *Band*,
 And away with his *Bible Geneva* ;
 For he had a business of Weight on his Hand,
 The *Deceivers* to Cheat and *Deceive*.

XV.

He had whin'd, and had pray'd, and had taught, and
 had read,
 Till his Hearers were going to leave him ;
 And had got scarce a Morsel to put in his Head,
 For the Deel of a Jack could they give him.

XVI.

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XVI.

When he thought it but fit, as an Orthodox Teacher
To get rid of his Pennyless Lecture,
And since he look'd thin and had starv'd when a Preacher,
To grow fat with the Name of Projector.

XVII.

Wherefore packing up his *Divinity Tools*,
He left *Them* and their *Sins* to God's Mercys,
And forsaking the *care* of their *Ignorant Souls*,
He put in for the *care* of their *Purses*.

XVIII.

Which no one had strove for had their *Credit* not went
Pritty currant with those who ne'er knew
The Reasons they took up at *Thirteen per Cent*.
What they ne're could repay though at *Two*.

XIX.

The People were willing, and ready prepar'd
To give way to his *Protestant* suit,
And greedily caught and believ'd what they *heard*,
Though they ne're from the *Pulpit* wou'd do't.

XX.

XX.

Which the fly Man of *Kirk* having Joyfully found,
 He made use of his Wits at *Command*,
 And told 'em he knew of a large Peice of Ground,
 Where *Gold* was as Plenty as *Sand*.

XXI.

And their Title to Rule it was as firm and as *clear*—
 As the *Scots* were *ordain'd for Salvation* ;
 Nor could the poor sorrowful place where they were
 Be design'd for a *Sanctify'd Nation*.

XXII.

‘ Ye are Israel’s Sons, said the Scandal of Priests,
 ‘ And Israel’s Sons should be fed
 ‘ Not with Onions and Oatcakes like a Parcel of Beasts,
 ‘ But with Manna and good Wheaten Bread.

XXIII.

‘ Your Fathers before ye spent many a day
 ‘ In Bondage, in Want, and in Labours,
 ‘ Till Moses got Pharoah to send ‘em away
 ‘ To the grief of their Land-Lords and Neighbours.

XXIV.

XXIV.

' And I weep when I think that my Countrymen's case
 ' Has so near a Resemblance to theirs,
 ' That they sweat and they toil in manuring a place
 ' Which has nothing to give 'em but Tares.

XXV.

' Ent if ye'l be rul'd and be flexible Lads
 ' In treading the Paths which I'll shew,
 ' And attend to good Counsel like your Israelite Dade,
 ' I've a Canaan in store too for you.

XXVI.

' Not that I bid you do as your Fathers have done,
 ' Who God help 'em are fast in their Grave,
 ' But thole who've no goods or effects of their own,
 ' May make use of their Neighbours which have.

XXVII.

The words were scarce out, and had mingled with Air,
 When the People soon found what he meant,
 And as a return to his Fatherly care
 Scratch'd their A---ses to shew their consent.

XXVIII.

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XXVIII.

For the Reader must know that as other Folks hum
And clap at the close of a Speech ;
So to shew they are Tickled, these finger their Bum
And lay hold on the places which Itch.

XXIX.

Though he well might have spar'd the consent which he
gave
To the giddy Felonious Rout,
For they ne're were yet known to stand asking for leave,
But to take what they wanted without.

XXX.

As for their Relation to the People of Ged.
Such a claim have th' incredulous Jews,
And though this Alliance might look very odd
'Twas made out by their Faith, and their Shoes.

XXXI.

The first was like Saul's, and breath'd Famine and War,
To the true Church of Christ and his Priests
And the last in the Wilderness travel'd so far
That their feet were as bare as their Beasts.

XXXII.

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XXXII.

But allow that for Truth which their Leader had said,
And conclude 'em right *Jews* in their *Hearts* ;
They were down-right *Egyptians* by the *Lice* which
were spread
In the midst of their other foul *parts*.

XXXIII.

Let 'em be what they would, 'twas the Vote of each *Clan*,
They'd a right to be led by a *Moses*,
And this was the *Sanctify'd* Tool of a *Man*
Whom they'd follow next after their *Notes*.

XXXIV.

The *Zealot* ne're stood like our *speakers* at *London*,
Who bemoan their own *want* of *deserts*,
And seem to pretend they could wish that were *undone*
Which if *really* so 'd, break their hearts.

XXXV.

But to shew that the Person they'd chosen had got
A *soil* full as *plain* as his *Pkr*,
Took the *Mob* at *their word*, for fear should he not
And *Refuse*, they might take him at *his*.

C

XXXVI

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XXXVI.

Yet though the *Scabbed Flock* would have follow'd their
Guide
And have ventur'd through Thick and through Thin
Without any such thing as an *Alt* on their side
To put a good *Glos*s on the sin.

XXXVII.

He resolv'd he'd a Law for his purpose procure,
And *Thieve* like a true Man of Sense,
And cheating the *People*, to make all things sure
By putting a Trick on the Prince.

XXXVIII.

And away the *Lay-Priest* to the Senate-House went
With his Mob at his Heels to stand by him;
While he sued for their *Indigent* Honours consent,
Which nothing of *Scot* could deny him.

XXXIX.

But, Lord ! What a Joy there appear'd in the *Throng*,
Who had hopes to obtain *Transportation* !
How they 'noynted their *Joynts*, and he *Liquor'd* his *Tongue*
To address the great *Dons* of the Nation !

XL.

XL.

Not a Man of a Thousand of all that came there,
 But look'd big, as already preferr'd,
 And his *Shirt* full of *Lice* and his *Head* full of *Care*
 Spoke him not a jot less than his *Laird*.

XLI.

The Senate for their part, to their Praise be it told,
 Were putting their Noddles together,
 And consulting what *Frize* would best keep out the *Cold*
 And fence off the next Winter's sharp *Weather*.

XLII.

However they drop'd their *Debates*, and their *Votes*,
 And left hearing *Committee Men's Speeches*
 Concerning the thickness and make of their *Coats*:
 For a *Mettle* to put in their *Breeches*.

XLIII.

And as soon as they heard 'em name *Gold Bars* and *Draft*
 With abundance of such pritty matters,
 They thought it belong'd to their *Station* and *Trust*,
 To get some for their *Wives* and *Daughters*.

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XLIV.

And up rose a Sage Member, whose Worshipful Face
Made the Saints near him almost adore him,
And gave 'em to know he could say a long Grace,
Had he good store of Victuals before him.

XLV.

With his Eyes towards Heav'n, & his Heart towards Gain
He made a long Prayer in Scotch,
Though he might have forborn the fatigue of his Brain,
And succeeded as soon in Low-Dutch.

XLVI.

Yet to shew that his Parents had taken some care
In breeding their Eloquent Son,
And that some of their Wits were as sharp as their Air,
And could make use of more Tongues than One.

XLVII.

Having pull'd off his Hat, as a Man that had been
Beyond the unmannerly Tweed,
And had beaten the Hoof and good Christians had seen
Who taught him to Bow at a need.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

He whin'd it in English to prevail for the Throng,
 As a Language of *Weight* and *Address*,
 And hating the *People*, made use of their Tongue
 For the sake of the better success.

XLIX.

Brethren (he cry'd) behold! *How good*
The Lord is to his People!
He on our side not only stood,
And batter'd down vain Gods of Wood,
But gave us Church and Steeple.

L.

Thanks to his Name, we now possess,
The Effects of those we heard once,
And have their Lands without their Dress,
As we take pleasure to oppress
The very Men we fear'd once.

LI.

Yet though we sinfully have spar'd
Their Life, and took their Living,
God has been bountious still, and heard,
Our readiness to stand prepar'd,
For something of his Giving.

LII.

LII.

*And lo! to this Good Man is told
By Heav'ny Inspiration,
How we may wallow all in Gold,
As our Good Sires in Dirt of Old,
And grow a Pow'rful Nation.*

LIII.

*Then what avails it that we've sent
The Singing Men a grazing?
That Priests for want of Meat keep Lent,
And Bishops starve in Banishment,
Whilst we their Goods are Praising?*

LIV.

*That Surplices are out of door,
And Liturgies uncommon,
That now the Babylonish Whore,
With all her Ceremonious Store,
Is worshipped by no Man?*

LV.

*If we 't' our shame) at last refuse
The Motions of the Spirit;
And having any State to chuse,
And be as Rich as any Jews
Not venture and Inherit.*

LVI.

LVI.

To be sure such a *Godly Proposal* as this
 Which had one of th' *Elect* to stand by it,
 Must needs be receiv'd, and th' Event hit or Miss,
 They could ne're have the hearts to deny it.

LVII.

'Twas therefore agreed by the *Saints* one and all
 To consent to the *Robb'ry* Projected,
 And ne're to refuse so *Gracious* a *Call*,
 But to do as the *Spirit* directed.

LVIII.

Not that I can e're think or am apt to believe
 That the *Burghers* knew *Paterson's Drift*,
 But am told though their *Tenants* are Idle and thieve,
 They know how to be *just* at a *lift*.

LIX.

However 'twas voted that the *Critical Minute*
 Was come for 'em all to be *made*,
 And (*Religion turn out*) the Devil was in it,
 But *Room* was now left 'em for *Trade*.

LX.

A *Bill* was prepar'd with a Cartload of *Clauses*,
 That his *Majesty* might not peruse it,
 And having a sight of their Reasons and *Causes*,
 Take advice, and go near to refuse it.

LXI.

This the good Prince ne're dream'd of, or suppos'd the
 Breasts
 Of a People his Sword had preserv'd,
 But immediately sign'd, to get rid of his *Guests*,
 Who fed in his Camp as *Half starv'd*.

LXII.

For the King had all manner of Reason to hope
 That they harbour'd no thoughts which were *Evil*,
 Nor imagin'd the *Zealots*, whom he'd sav'd from the *Pope*,
 Were running headlong to the *Devil*.

LXIII.

Tis not to be thought but the *Deputies* mad
 All the hast that they could to be gone,
 And having ill serv'd whom they ne're well obey'd,
 Took Horse when their Business was done.

LXIV.

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LXIV.

Though 'twas Death to the canting *Wiseacres* to part
With the sight of good Victuals and Drink,
And for *actual* provisions which onliv'd their Heart,
Go to feed on *Potentiel* Chink.

LXV.

As for his part the Wise *Lord Commissioner's* Grace
Was not the in the least at a stand,
But call'd in a trice for the *Scepter* and *Mace*,
At the sight of his *Sovereign's* Hand.

LXVI.

And *Christning* the *Bill* by a touch to an *Act*
Gave the *Brat* such a Title and Claim
As 'twill get nothing by, 'tis matter of fa &,
While *Tweedal*'s its *Godfather's* Name.

LXVII.

The News had no sooner reach'd *Edinburg Town*,
And been heard by the *Famishing* Tribe ;
But the Realms of both *Indies* ev'ry foot Were their *own*,
And the Country came into *Subscribe*.

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XLVIII.

LXVIII.

Not a man but would gang, and go set down his *Fift*,
 Marry would he *put in for the Plate* ;
 And since 'twas nothing else but to be in the *Lift*
 He'd immedately get an *Estate*.

LXIX.

Such a number of *Scravls*, and of *Post-books*, and *Marks*
 No *Parish* beside this could boast,
 As the *Knights of the Thistle*, fine blew *Ribbon'd Sparks*,
 Set their Hands with the *Knights of the Post*.

LXX.

The *Nobles*, for want of the *Ready*, made o're
 Their *Estates* to promote the *design* ;
 And in *Quality-Capitals* own'd they were poor,
 And perfectly Strangers to *Coin*.

LXXI.

The *Clergy*, (mistake me not) those who could read
 Sold their *Calvin*, and *Baxter*, and *Knocks* ;
 And turn the *Whites* of their *Eyes* to succeed,
Bless'd the *Peices*, and *pray'd* for large *Stocks*.

LXXII.

The Commons to forward the Vows and the Wishes
 They had made to see Ships in the Fryb,
 Made away with their Kettles, and Trenchers, and Dishes,
 And would have made sale of their Teeth.

LXXIII.

But none could be found but had more than enough
 Of his own, than he well could employ ;
 And all could find Grinders when few could find Stuff,
 To set 'em at work, or could buy.

LXXIV.

Having rais'd what they could, and advanc'd such a Sum,
 As our Parish Collectors for Dues,
 Twas adviseable thought to go farther from Home
 And get other Lands into their Noose.

LXXV.

And to shew that the Country next to 'em should have
 The advantage of those more at distance.
 They agreed first on England, as a place where a Knave,
 Might prevail, and have ample Subsistence.

LXXVI.

When away the *Sage Elders' flead of Scotch Cloth & Packys,*
 The *Burthens* they commonly bore,
 Took their Books of Subscriptions and their Lists on their
 Backs
 And jogg'd on to the Christian Shore.

LXXVII.

Where 'twas all things to nothing but their tricks and
 abuses
 Would have finger'd the Baggs of some *Dons*,
 Which had got 'em fair *Wives* for other *Men's* uses,
 And foul *Chambermaids* for their *Sons*.

LXXVIII.

But the *Parliament* smell'd out the Stench of the Plot,
 As the *Sinners* were serving there *Turns*
 And caution'd the *Cukold* to beware of the *Scot*
 If he meant to keep *Gold* with his *Horns*.

LXXIX.

Else the *Patient Disciples* of *Rogers* and *Shore*
 Had paid in the Sums they set down.
 And the sake of the *Brethren* and the *Love of Gold Ore*,
 Had gutted that *Seil* in the *Town*.

LXXX.

LXXX.

As the *Physical Saints* who fate up for the *Mace*,
 Believ'd what was said, and would hear 'em ;
 And a Bookseller thought to subscribe was his Place
 As he serv'd the *good Bishop* of *Sarum*.

LXXXI,

As a set of *Wise* sparks who *two Millions* could raise,
 Much sooner than ever was known
 Would have fall'n by *another* Land's projects and ways
 Who are now going down by their own.

LXXXII.

Such a rub in his way as a *Senate-House* Vote
 Was enough to have damp'd a Mans Spirits ;
 But insolent *Paterson* kept his first Note,
 And stood up for the *Cause*, and it's *Merits*.

LXXXIII.

And cursing their *Wisdom*, who could see through the
Cheat
 March'd off with his *Parchment* and *Scrowls*,
 And endeav'ring to *shake the Dust* from his *Feet*,
 Had like to've got *rid* of his *Soles*.

LXXXIV.

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LXXXIV.

For he'd trotted so far on an Errand so vain,
Where his *Time* and his *Labour* were lost,
That to set the *frail* Remnants together again
Was too hard on the *Company's* cost.

LXXXV.

The place he next fix'd on as a *refuge* for such,
Whom no *Kingdom* beside would receive
Was the *Protestant Land* of good *natur'd DUTCH*
Who without all dispute would believe.

LXXXVI.

On *Calvin* that Nation pinn'd her Faith and her Trust,
And he *Calvin's* opinions had taught ;
Which would make for his purpose, yes in Troth that it
must,
Or the Country was running *stark naught*.

LXXXVII.

And having invented a Specious fair Tail,
For *Money* to pay for their *Freights*,
He and his Comrades in an instance set sail
To address the *Compassionate STATES*.

LXXXVIII.

LXXXVIII.

Who, *pions good Men*, for the *sake* of their Land
 Are *pleas'd* to be always *content*
 To accept of Proposals from head or from hand,
 If the profit be *Thirty per Cent.*

LXXXIX.

But the *Righteous Projector*, like a true Man of *Crape*
 Took a *Sooterkin's* treat at free Cost,
 And while he blefs'd *Heaven* for the *Juice of the Grape*,
 In a *Hellish* Condition was lost.

XC.

And his *Falshood* all drown'd in the *Truth* of the *Cup*
 He spew'd out his *Old Kingdom's* design,
 And discharging his *Stomach* the *secret* came up
 And disclos'd a worse stench than his *Wine*.

XCI.

Not that those he applyd to, had Stomacks so squeamish
 To grow sick or be *pall'd* at the thing,
 But a smell good or bad's never noisome in Flemish,
 And a *Turd's* all the same as *Old. Ling.*

XCII.

XCII.

But their Magistrates thought it more Politick still
 In their dealings with Neighbour or Stranger,
 Though they'd take all occasions to bring *Grift* to their
Mill,
 To bring 't, if they could, without *danger*.

XCIII.

Without any dispute our *Apostle* was vex'd
 To see matters so damnable cross,
 However he studied from the *Words of the Text*
 To help those who occasion'd his los's.

XCIV.

And since the *Fleet Royal* of *Scotland* was ta'ne
 By a *French Privateer* nigh the shore
 And the two *Ships* would ne're ride in *Leith Road* again,
 That did nothing but *wast* the *Kings store*.

XCV.

He gravely consider'd that the *Hollanders* Wood,
 Had it's growth in a *Presbyter Nation*,
 And the *Timber* no question was *Sea-proof* and good
 Whose *Owners* held *Predestination*.

XCVI.

XCVI.

Wherefore, though he could not get in for *their* Gilt
 By his Subtle Delusions and Pray'rs ;
 He order'd some *Protestant* Ships to be built
 That the *Dutch* might be Masters of *Their*'s.

XCVII.

Leaſt the Plancks, ſhould they come from *Idolatrous* Ground,
 Might give way, and the Brethren be lost,
 And thoſe who were born to be ſtarv'd might be drown'd,
 And the Proverb and *Doctrine* be croſt.

XCVIII.

Yet to ſhew that *Dame Fortune* could never ſubdue,
 The minds of a People ſo Stout,
 He *Strug'd up his Shoulders*, as one who'd purſue
 What his Masters had ſent him about.

XCIX.

But as *Augurs* of Old before a design
 Stood waiting the *Birds* and their *Flight*,
 And from that ſide they flew to could gueſs and Divine,
 If it was a good minute to ſbite ;

C.

So the *North-Country Prophet* as full of concern
 As if *more* than the *Scotch* laid at stake ;
 Attended devoutly for a token to learn
 If People worth *nothing* could *break*.

CLX.

When before he could possibly turn him self round
 As he pray'd for a sign to set sail, He's going to sail
 To his unspeakable comfort he found, He's going to sail
 A *Louse* bite the *left* *Cheek* of his *Tail*. in don't mind it

CLXI.

And Transported with Joy for the *Signal*, he cry'd, I am free
 Heav'n bids us pur off from this shore, now ev'ry night
 'Tis apparent good Luck, since he bites the *left* *side*, clothes him
 And Fortune will thwart us no more. he doesn't care for her

CLXI.

Which had like to've been true, and a *Louse* had been rais'd
 To Men's *Worship*, as *Beasts* in old Times. he doesn't care for them
 Had the *Hamburgers* swallow'd the *Bait* which they prais'd,
 And shar'd in their *Traffick*, and *Crimes*. he didn't care for them

LCIV.

But a *Resident* just to the *Prince* and the *Land* he doesn't care for them
 Whose *Honour* and *Wealth* was his aim, he doesn't care for them
 Made 'em hold back their *Money*, though they put down their
 hand, and of course he's now in it
 For the sake of their *Master's* great Name.

CV.

Which the *Felons* made use as a *Specious Disguise*, he doesn't care for them
 For the *Theft* which was just in pretence; he doesn't care for them
 That what was found out, and refus'd by the *Wife*, he doesn't care for them
 Might be caught at by *Men of no Sense*.

CVI.

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CVI.

Having lost his *Shoal Anchor*, what Methods to take
No Mortal among 'em could tell him,
He had done what he could for *Christianity's* sake;
And yet nothing but mischiefs befell him.

CVII.

He had sounded the *Lovers of Calvin and Christ*,
But they'd nothing with which they would part;
And neither *Meeting* or *Church* would bring *Grist*,
Though he did what he could for his Heart.

CVIII.

Poor *Luther's Disciples* he'd have joyn'd with the *Kirk*,
But they'd baulk'd his *Expectance and hope*,
And he must either side with the *Jew* or the *Turk*,
Or be *damn'd* and go *Snacks* with the *Pope*.

CIX.

This made him be desp'rate, and advise his *Collegues*,
To *stand by his Project or fall*,
And since they were crost'd by an *Envoy's* Intrigues
To rob *Peter* to even with *Paul*.

CX.

And taking up Money which will ne're be repay'd
He got three of his Ships out of *Trouble*
While the rest in the *Ouze* not in *Lavender* laid,
Rotted on to *shew Scot* for a *Bubble*.

CXI.

And to make it appear the *Projector* could *Swin*,
 Though the *Project* was ready to *sink*,
 Homewards he sail'd with his *Vessels* as *Trim*
 As if those which were in 'em had *Chink*.

CXII.

For their Part the Ships were all new spick and span,
 And had Cannon as other Ships bore;
 Which made the Scots run, Child, Woman, and Man
 At such a Strange sight to the shore.

CXIII.

Yet though their new *Fleet* made a sort of a show
 And the *People* took *Pleasure* to see 'em ;
 Their *Owners* they sigh'd and ask'd *Council* to know
 Now they'd purchas'd 'em what to do wi' 'em.

CXIV.

At last 'twas agreed, and for certainty found,
 That whatever came of their affair ;
 The *Ships* could but *sink*, and the *Sailors* be *drown'd*
 Which would make things no worse than they were.

CXV.

And orders were giv'n to their Servants and Skippers,
 To loose their Top-sails and be gone,
 Where their *Parsons*, and *Bibles*, and *Perukes*, and *Slippers*
 Would bring 'em in *forry* for *one*.

CXVI.

They'd abundance of other pritty nick-nacks to truck
 And Exchange with the Natives for Gold ;
 When flinging three Lice on the shore for good Luck,
 They Launch'd forward to *steal* what they could.

CXVII.

And being in hast for the Island of Riches
 They steer'd to catch hold on the Prey,
 Though that Man was happy who had Coat or had Breeches,
 To lay down for food in his way.

CXVIII.

Nothing Material through the Voyage fell out,
 As they tempted the Winds and the seas ;
 But their Moveables went without scruple or doubt
 For Provision's to Jack Portuguese.

CXIX.

And Paterfons *Maiden* was first brought to bed
 Of a *bastard*, and afterwards *Married*,
 As the *Fruit* of her *Womb*, more *Lucky*ly Sped,
 Than his *Fruitless* attempt that *miscarried*.

CXX.

At last the lean Fools had a sight of the Place,
 Where they *steer'd* all in steering their Courses,
 And resolving to *Feast* and *fatten* apace
 Leap'd a shore all as Hungry as Horses.

CXXI.

When they look'd, and they look'd, till they look'd themselves
 blind,
 For something to serve 'em for food,
 But in vain, they could nothing like *Eatables* find
 Unless they could Dine upon *Wood*.

CXXII.

CXXII.

The next peice of *Wisdom* was to *Christen* the Land,
 But their *Parsons* had given up the *Ghost*,
 And 'twas allow'd of at every hand
 It belonged to grave *Pateron's* Post.

CXXIII.

Though the *Saints* were departed stood 'em in little stead
 In things of advice and reproof,
 But to *Marry* their *Whores*, and to *Bury* their *Dead*,
 And that was Employment enough.

CXXIV.

Having giv'n it the Name of a Parent and Freind
 They entrench'd it both Forepart and Back,
 Which nothing but *Scot* would take care to defend,
 And nothing but *Scot* would attack.

CXXV.

Where, after they'd tarried looking up to the Skies
 To send 'em down *Meat* and *Gold* Rain,
 And had wearied their hands and had tir'd out their Eyes,
 In *driving* and *searching* for gain.

CXXVI.

Two Thirds being *dead*, and another made *Slaves*
 By the *Spaniard* for fear of his *Oar*,
 They left *felling* *Trees* and ceas'd *digging* *Graves*,
 And *creap'd* to their *Ships* from the *Shore*.

CXXVII.

The first Time a *Scot* ever *wish'd* himself *home*,
 For want of *good* *Air* or of *Bread*,
 And the last (if he's wise) that he from it will *come*
 On such a *Fool's* *Errand* as *Trade*.

F I N I S.

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